WHEN I AM IN SIAM

LYRIC BY
A. BURDEN

WRITER OF
THE WORLD WOULD BE
LONELY IF IT
WERE NOT
FOR YOU

MUSIC BY
JOHNNY COOPER

WRITER OF
Persian Pearl
LITTLE WHITE ROSE
Step On Down

MELODY SHOP
432 1/2 So. Broadway
LOS ANGELES

When I Am In Siam.

Lyric by
A. A. BURDEN.

Music by
JOHNNY COOPER.

Moderato.

f

VAMP.

mf

1. Love _____ a-waits me in a dis-tant land, Si - am, Soon _____
2. When _____ the night-in - gale has brought his song to you, Then _____

p

_____ I'm going to start my car - a - van, I am, Speed - ing _____ thro' the night, her call I'm
_____ You'll know my coming won't be long, I'm true, Gleam - ing _____ like the stars your eyes are

heed - ing, _____ I can see her standing where our love be - gan, In Si - am.
beam - ing, _____ You are wait-ing where the pea - cock spreads his fan, In Si - am.

rit.

CHORUS.

Dimp - led shad - ows that play, 'Neath the cool foun - tains spray,

Mocks the light in her eyes Find - ing there a sweet par - a

dise, With her soft jewel - ed hands She is weav - ing the strands that shall bind love's de -

mands When I am in Si - am. Dimpled shadows that am.

TRY THESE NUMBERS ON YOUR PIANO.

The Riveter's Rag.

Lyric by
RICHARD COBURN.
Moderato.

Music by
VINCENT ROSE.

ev - en keep time, — And yet the mel - o - dy is known throughout the land. —
tra's been play - in' — This nois y mel - o - dy for just a - bout a year.

CHORUS.
They play a rag that's new. — It will ap - peal to you, — A might y pleas - in' re - frain —

It's got a jaz - zy sway — That car - ries you a - way, — You'll want to hear it a - gain —

And when you've heard it through — You'll zig - zag — Rat - tat - tat Tat - tat - tat Rat - tat - tat Tat - tat - tat

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The World would be lonely,
If it were not for you.

Lyric by
ARTHUR ARNOLD BURDEN
Moderato

Music by
V. A. L.

Not too slow.

1. The World to me, with all its splen - dor,
2. When I'm a - way, and dream - ing night and

mf *rall.* *p a tempo*

was a dream, And I'd been de - nied all earth - ly joy, did seem, Un -
day of you, They are dreams, it seems, that nev - er can come true, For

rall.

til the Heav - ens left their Pearl - y Gates a - jar, And you de - scend - ed as a mys - tic
dream - ers al - ways dream of vis - ions and their love, And An - gels reign for aye, in Heav'n a -

rall.

CHORUS.
The World would be lone - ly, if it were not for

f *rall.* *a tempo*

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Now They Call It Yankee-Land.

Words and music by
HAROLD SHAW.

CHORUS.
what I saw, — The Riv - er Rhine was called the Mis - sis - sip - pi, — And Old Berlin was' —
gain I'll say.

New Chi - ca - go town; — While Ham - burg it seems was called New Or - leans, And

south - ern tunes were float - ing all a round; — I seemed to hear the bands all play - ing Dix - ie —

While Old Glo - ry float - ed o'er the build - ings grand; — Where old Ger - man - y once stood had been for -

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My Little White Rose.

Lyric by
MORT NATHAN and
JOHN COOPER

Music by
JOHN COOPER

Rit.

Your Mam - my's goin' to watch you till her eyes are closed Caus -

Rit.

Lento.

raised you from a ti - ny Bud, My Lit - tle White Rose

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JOHN COOPER